

# ZINGO, THE CHILD OF DESTINY

## His Romantic Love Quest By Land and Sea

Written from the Motion Pictures

By Helen Harrington

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## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Zingo's parents, sailing amongst the Sunda Islands in the Malay Archipelago, are lost in a shipwreck. The child drifts to an island, is rescued by monkeys, and amongst them grows to manhood. Venturing again to sea, he is picked up by a sailing vessel, which is afterwards captured by pirates. Through Zingo's ingenuity they escape, but their captain has been killed, and Zingo is proclaimed captain. At Timor he falls in love with, and rescues from the at the bottom of the sea when Sari is swallowed by a whale. She is omitted, and held at the Melbourne Aquarium, whose director holds her captive. Zingo recruits an army of monkeys, rescues her, and with the crew goes to Bangkok to search for the sacred white elephant of the King of Siam, which has been stolen. Through treachery he and his party are imprisoned in the palace, escape, learn that the elephant is in the possession of the Mandarin of San Kiu, and fight a battle. Sari, whose beauty has attracted the mandarin, is held captive, and in an attempt to rescue her they are again imprisoned and sentenced to death. With Sari's aid they again escape, secure the white elephant and return it to the King of Siam.

## CHAPTER VIII

## In the Heart of an African Forest

"I was thewed like an Auroch bull,  
And tusked like the great Cave Bear;  
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,  
Were gowned in your glorious hair,  
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,  
When the night fell o'er the plain,  
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,  
We mumbled the bones of the slain."

—Langdon Smith.

NIGHT had fallen over the city of Madrid, and into the dark streets of its shady suburbs light were gleaming from the windows of stately mansions. These beautiful new suburbs, like the traditional Phoenix, seem to have arisen out of the ashes of the old city, which, nevertheless, still throws something of its old-world somnolence over their magnificence.

The first cold winds of autumn had begun to frighten the red-and-gold leaves from the trees and to send them in excited little companies down the long avenues. Inside of every house on every one of those beautiful streets the same picture might be seen. Men and women sitting quietly by their blazing fireplaces, with wealth around them and no disturbing thought to break their peace. Most of them would go on dreaming quietly all their lives until the years swept them out into the great ocean of eternity, and they would go, leaving behind them no trace, no deed to show that they had ever lived. From behind their wall of wealth and luxury they would pass on without ever having felt the thrill of action or known the joy of touching the lives of their fellow men.

In the center of a broad lawn whose trees were fast being stripped of their foliage stood a white marble palace of unusual splendor. Outside the wind was howling dimly as though in a demonic effort to disturb the souls of those comfortably housed within. Inside all was warmth and luxury. The statues, the paintings, the carved screens, the tapestries were of rare beauty, wrought by the hands and brains of the inspired ones of earth. Servants in livery moved about quietly, their footfalls making no sound as their feet sank deep into the richness of the velvet carpets.

In the great drawing room, in front of a fireplace piled high with crackling logs, a man and a woman sat dreaming. Although it was after dinner the woman was attired in a dark, close-fitting walking suit and the man wore gray tweed. They had been out together, walking in the wind and the dark—walking, walking, vainly endeavoring to throw off a restlessness which both felt, but which neither one had confessed to the other.

The fire crackled on, and as the man gazed into it, pictures formed themselves in his mind. The sound of the draught roaring through the chimney of the fireplace changed into the wind that swept over the desert stretching away for leagues before him. Over the silent plain a blood red moon hung low. Presently, out of the deep forest in the distance, a pair of burning eyes gleamed like coals; the grasses at the edge of the jungle parted and there emerged the massive head and shaggy main of a mighty lion. The wind, as though in a spirit of humor, tossed the tall, dry grasses before his nose, and the monstrous beast played with them as a kitten would play with a string mischievously dangled before it.

The heat, which had been confined in one end of a sizzling log, suddenly burst its bounds and exploded with a loud report which sounded like the report of a rifle, and the man sprang up, throwing his arms out restlessly.

"What is it, Zingo?"

It was Sari who asked the question. Some latent loyalty to her Spanish ancestry had urged Sari to choose Madrid, and they had settled there. They had given their yacht to the crew, who, with Ben Heydecker as captain, were cruising about the Mediterranean on various projects.

"I'm afraid I'm getting restless," he answered, and then gave her a quick, searching look, fearing that he had hurt her.

"I know you are getting restless," she responded, "and so am I. I want to breathe again. I hate these receptions, these insipid conversations, these awful long-tailed gowns I have to wear. I can't stand the polished floors, the polished finger nails and the polished speech of all these people who live here. I'd give it all up just to hear Ben Heydecker say, 'Shiver me timbers!' once again."

"And, oh, for a hunt on land or sea!" cried Zingo. "Was there ever such a wife as you. I was afraid to tell you I wanted to go."

"What was that queer little animal you brought upstairs in a cage about two weeks ago?" asked Sari,

walking straight up to him and laying her hands on his breast.

"So you saw that, did you," said Zingo, laughing. "That was a porcupine. I have been studying its habits."

"I knew that the wild things were calling to you again, and I have been simply waiting for you to speak," she said.

Calling to an awe-inspiring servant in livery who stood at the door, Zingo bade him go to the library and bring him a map of Africa, and when it was brought Sari and Zingo together traced out a plan of route for themselves. This time they would go alone; not even the crew, the well-beloved crew, would be with them. Leaving the house in the care of the servants, they traveled by train and boat until they reached Alexandria. Here they purchased a gasoline launch comfortably equipped, stored it with provisions at Cairo, where they stopped for a few days, and then started, with happy anticipation, for their wonderful trip up the Nile. Had it been on the Mississippi, going in the same direction, they would have been going down the Mississippi, but, by some strange inversion of the human, it was up the Nile.

One day, after they had left civilization far behind them and had penetrated well into Africa, Sari was standing with Zingo at the steering wheel at the rear of the launch. The wind was blowing in their faces

over her silky head the hideous, grinning, ugly head of the bear and fastened the other one upon himself. There they stood before each other, and for a moment each horrified the other. The distorted expressions of the bear faces resembled rather the expressions of wild boar that had become dissatisfied with life.

"I feel as though we had really strayed through this jungle once in ages long ago," said Sari.

"I know we did," said Zingo. "Our souls have been wedded for millions of years and we have passed through many incarnations, but we have always found each other."

As they came nearer to the spot where the fire was burning they were able to get a better look at the strange gathering. The savages were dancing round and round the stake where the young women were tied, lifting their knees high as they stepped and keeping time to the monotonous beating of large earthen instruments. Their costume consisted of large earrings which vied with their mouths for size, while around their waists were tied fluffy feather boas, and their lower limbs were decently clad in neatly starched and ironed white panties.

"Let us skirt around the edge of the forest and approach them from the rear," said Zingo. "They have not noticed us as yet, and it will be better to take them completely by surprise. Here is your rifle. Be calm. You have nothing to fear. Unless I miss my calculation, they will flee as soon as they see us, but if we give them time to think they might kill the young girls before we can save them."

anced to the right and changed partners, and Zingo found himself being kissed by Queen Tangobugo, while Queen Makalolo transferred her affections to Sari.

"May I ask you how you came to be alone and unprotected in this great forest?" ventured Zingo.

The two queens looked at each other and giggled. "Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose," said Queen Makalolo, and Zingo noticed for the first time that she was attired in jacket and trousers, while the other queen wore skirts. Their dark waving hair which flowed over their shoulders was surmounted by little Shakespearean caps, and they both spoke with perfect Shakespearean accents.

"You see," said Queen Makalolo, "we were educated at a girls' school in England, and we are both very fond of Shakespeare. Tired of the life at court, we strayed hither as Rosalind and Celia, playing that this was the Forest of Arden, and in sooth, we were having a merry time when we were captured by these people. The Niko-Niam tribe were going to eat us. We owe you our lives."

"I have always heard that the Niko-Niam tribe were great epicureans," said Zingo.

The compliment was entirely lost.

Retracing their steps to the forest, they were approaching the spot where the launch was moored when Zingo thought he heard the crackle of a dry twig behind him. He turned his head to look and dodged just in time to escape a spear which was hurled at him by a savage who was standing only a few feet behind them on the embankment. Bidding the women hurry, he quickly unfasted the rope which was holding the launch to the bank, and springing on to the rear of the little craft, he took possession of the steering wheel just as the woods behind him became peopled with

be growing in abundance." Exchanging her Shakespearean cap for a pink sun-bonnet which she had in her pocket, Queen Tangobugo strayed forth to perform her portion of the socialistic plan, while Sari busied herself in getting out the Dresden china service and setting the table.

After the dinner Zingo took the spy-glasses—the very ones through which he had first seen Sari—and saying that he would take a look around to make sure that all was safe, left the ladies to enjoy their after-dinner chat. Both queens had grown very fond of Sari, and as they were, after all, only three girls, they naturally fell into confidences. Queen Makalolo, after making both the other girls promise they would never tell a living soul, confessed that even while she was bound to the stake one of the young men of the Niko-Niam tribe had caught her fancy and she was hoping that when they divided her up for the feast he would get the biggest share of her.

"Now, wasn't that sentimental?" said Queen Makalolo.

"But I," said Queen Tangobugo, "I was half in love with the master of ceremonies himself. When he danced he was so graceful. Men are so fascinating."

Then Sari told them all about the Rayha of Timor, Professor Ivorinut and the mandarin.

"Really," said Sari, "really, the mandarin was not half bad, and if my heart had not already been given to Zingo, I might have learned to like him. But Zingo is my love and my hero for all time."

As she spoke, Zingo came running toward them and the girls knew at once by his manner that something was wrong.

"What is the matter, Zingo?" asked Sari, quickly. "Keep very still," answered Zingo cautiously; "we are in danger."

The two queens clasped their trembling arms around Sari, their slender little figures seeking protection in her great strength.

"Just a little way in through the woods," said Zingo, endeavoring to keep an outward calm. "I saw a lion and two lionesses. It was lucky the wind was blowing in the opposite direction, or they would have scented the bacon. Remain just where you are."

So saying, he left them and ran quickly toward the tent which he had erected for himself. When he again appeared he was attired in an altogether unusual costume. The foundation was an ordinary looking khaki suit, from which there sprang a growth of projecting spikes. Cunningly set into the ends of the spikes were sharp, invisible needles, and the electrical apparatus underneath was so arranged that the wearer, by simply inflating the chest, could send these needles forth with great force.

"Does this remind you of anything?" asked Zingo, as he stood before Sari and the queens.

"The porcupine!" gasped Sari.

"Exactly," said Zingo. "I have not been studying his habits in vain."

Drawing his blade from his belt as an extra precaution and bidding them have no fear, Zingo ran swiftly in the direction of the spot where he had seen the lions and was soon lost in the thickness of the woods.

Penetrating some distance in through the undergrowth he stopped and began to tread cautiously. A few yards before him, in a little green glade, he beheld a peaceful looking family—a lion, his wife and a lady friend. They were at dinner and had just come to the home course, which, by the expression on their faces, was affording them the most intense satisfaction.

The head of the family had just drawn his tongue lingeringly over the floating rib of some animal who was so far gone that he could be recognized only by a zoological expert. He stopped suddenly, and whispered cautiously to his wife.

"Keep very still, we are in danger."

"What's the matter?" asked his wife, apprehensively. "Don't look now," said the lion, "but after a while pretend that you're looking at that tree, and then, sort, as if by chance, let your eye fall on that bush there. It seems to me it is moving, and there is no wind stirring."

Behind the bush Zingo waited until the three were huddled together in a close flock, and springing suddenly out, he cried:

"Shoo!"

With their tails between their legs the terrified lions ran for their lives, with Zingo in pursuit. Up through the forest aisles and deep into the jungle they fled with imploring looks, but Zingo followed them relentlessly.

After Zingo had left them Sari and the queens remained seated at the table as he had bade them, and having no fear for his ultimate victory over any wild animal he might meet, they continued their confidences, and, as is the case when three girls get together, the talk was of love. After a while it shifted to literature and the queens waxed enthusiastic over their favorite author, Shakespeare. Finally, at the earnest solicitation of the other two, Queen Tangobugo was prevailed upon to sing one of his songs. Her clear voice rang out, forgetful of any inhabitants that might haunt the forest.

"Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat.  
Come hither, come hither, come hither."

The other two girls joined in the chorus and the welkin rang with their glees.

Afar in the forest that call was heard by three of the strangest lovers maidens ever laid eyes upon.

After the singing was over a drowsiness came over the girls, who were beginning to feel the fatigue from the exciting events of the night before, combined with the night's travel. A soft wind was blowing, faintly stirring the grasses and causing the palm trees to move with a mysterious musical rustling. Then sleep gradually overcame their senses and their pretty heads dropped forward on their breasts.

Along the edge of the forest moved three strange and unearthly looking figures. They were about five feet six inches in height and covered with shaggy black hair. Their small, penetrating eyes gleamed under their beetling brows, while their arms, with their long fingers and small thumbs, reached down to their shin bones. They came galumphing along behind the tents, surprised at everything they saw. The galumph is a mode of locomotion which is a cross between a trot and a walk and is adopted only by the jabbawocky and the gorilla. Other animals have tried it, but have never been able to perfect the exact movement.

When they spied the girls they quickly became self-conscious. As they did not observe that the girls were sleeping they supposed they were watching them, and vied with each other in performing smart antics. They wagged their heads, pushed each other over and galumphed more than was necessary.

The three girls slept on, all unconscious of the strange adventure that was awaiting them.

Queen Makalolo was dreaming that she was in the Forest of Arden, and in sweet sleep was murmuring: "I have heard there was a man haunts gas forest by the name of Orlando—hangs odds on trees—elegies on brambles."

Suddenly she felt a moist kiss on her lips and a cold nose pressed against her cheek. A well gorilla, like a well dog, has a cold nose!

(To be continued)



GORILLAS SURPRISE THE GIRLS IN THE JUNGLE

and they were drawing long draughts of pure air, thankful that they were not in Madrid, where the wind, which is too soft to blow out the light of a candle, is yet deadly enough to snuff out the lives of human beings. Her eyes wandered along the banks of the river, taking in the beauty of the scenery as they moved by. Suddenly she reached forth her hand for the spy-glass which lay on the roof of the launch before her. After one swift glance she cried:

"Look!"

Zingo took the glass from her hand, raised it to his eyes, returned it to her quickly, and with set face turned the wheel and changed the levers till the little launch shot forward like an Arab steed obeying the voice of his master.

There was need of speed, for lives were in danger, and in such a moment neither Zingo nor Sari were ever known to hesitate or to consider their own safety.

On one side of the river there was an open space at the edge of a deep forest, into the depths of which it was easy for the eye to penetrate, as there was no undergrowth and the foliage of the trees grew near the top. Through the blackness of the heavy shade a fire was burning, around which weird figures danced grotesquely, their black bodies silhouetted against its red glare, with a melancholy and monotonous tum-tum echoed through the sinister shades of the forest. In the center of the gathering were two smoothly hewn stakes to which two young women were tied with their arms behind their backs.

There could be no mistaking the ceremony. It was the hideous ceremony of the human sacrifice!

As they moored the launch and stepped out on to the bank of the river Zingo noticed that Sari was deadly pale and that her hand trembled as it touched his.

"There is nothing to fear," said Zingo, as he disappeared for a moment into the cabin of the launch. "I have taken the precaution to take along some wearing apparel for us which will command the respect of the fiercest crop of savages Africa ever grew." When he reappeared he was clothed in the skin of a bear, while on his arm he carried another skin and two bear heads. Telling Sari to don the unlvely suit, he drew down

"I will not fail you," answered Sari in a low tone.

After taking a detour through the forest they stepped cautiously as they came nearer the group from the rear. When they were within a few feet of the savages the rite suddenly changed its tone. The music stopped, the dancing stopped, and at the command of the master of ceremonies they all knelt with their faces to the ground.

"The rite is nearly over," whispered Zingo. "In another moment we would have been too late."

After a moment of devout worship the savages sprang to their feet, and the master of ceremonies lifting his spear, was just about to fling it into the heart of the young girl at the stake nearest him, whose lovely eyes were fixed upon him in agony, when there was a loud report, a puff of white smoke, and the master of ceremonies plunged forward, the spear dropping harmless by his side. Another and still another report rang out, and each report was answered by a thud as a savage lunged forward and tasted the death he had been planning for another. In a frenzy of rage the entire band turned to attack the foe who had killed the chief and their comrades, but at sight of the huge shaggy animals with vicious looking faces which now approached them they fled in terror from the spot.

After they had disappeared Zingo and Sari ran quickly to the rescue of the girls, for the fire was fast making its way to the very feet of the victims. As they proceeded to unfasten the cords which bound them they were startled by a piercing scream from one of the young girls, which was followed by a still shriller one from the other, as they implored the savages to return and finish the job they had started.

Perplexed, but bent on saving the poor creatures at any cost, Zingo and Sari proceeded with their work, and the girls continued to scream still louder. Suddenly Zingo realized what the trouble was. The grotesque costumes in which they were attired had frightened them far more than the savages had. Off came the heads of Zingo and Sari with as much neatness and dispatch as though they were living in the reign of King Henry VIII, and on seeing the kind faces of their deliverers the two girls were instantly reassured.

"I said the one who was being unfasted by Zingo, 'am Queen Makalolo, and this,' turning to the other, 'is my cousin, Queen Tangobugo.'"

"I am delighted to meet your majesty," said Zingo, bowing. But the queen was not formal.

"God 'fild you, sir," she said, and springing forward, kissed him affectionately plump on the mouth. This created a momentary jealousy on the part of Sari, but she had not long to indulge in it, for presently she found herself in the embrace of the other warm-hearted queen. Then the two queens decided, bal-

black, hideous faces, and javelins were being hurled like hailstones around his head.

By putting on full speed they were soon out of reach of the missiles, but as they came to a bend in the river, Sari, who was always on the alert, gave a cry of horror and pointed to something in the distance. A little way up the river a band of savages was making ready to set out in a slender canoe-like boat and pursue them. Turning the launch quickly about, Zingo steered in the other direction, keeping close to the river bank to avoid the band which were standing where they had left them on the edge of the river. Their hope was to outdistance those in the boat, but this was not so easily done, for the little bodies and wiry arms of the savages almost equaled in motor power the finest skill of the inventor, and each moment was bringing them so near that they would soon be able to throw their spears with deadly effect.

Zingo had equipped Sari and the two queens with rifles, but advised them not to fire until they found it absolutely necessary, as it would be fatal if their ammunition gave out while they were still within reach of the enemy. Finally, at a word from Zingo, three rifle shots broke the stillness and reverberated through the woods, and three savages fell over backward into the dark water. That was sufficient. Immediately there was mutiny in the boat of the savages, and one after another deserted the ship and swam back to the landing as fast as he could. In the encounter, in some way, the savages who remained managed to get their boat right across Zingo's path, thinking in this way to block his passage. They had not reckoned with the power of gasoline. Putting on full speed, Zingo steered his launch and struck them abroadsides, cutting right through their middle and spilling the last remaining ones into the water.

"That was a close encounter," said Zingo, as the proud little launch sped up the Nile, and Sari was busy quieting the excited queens.

All night they sped up that dark and silent river, the sound of the gasoline engine puffing and reverberating in a blatant invitation to all bloodthirsty savages who might be lurking in ambush, but as the dawn broke over the world, they were answered only by the songs of the birds and the perfume from the growing things that grew along the shores.

Selecting a little green sward on the edge of a dark forest, they put up their tents. The two queens immediately became busy little housewives, and their democratic spirit delighted the hearts of Zingo and Sari.

"While I slice some bacon," said Queen Makalolo to Queen Tangobugo, "you go out and see if you cannot find some spinach or lamb's quarter; I'm dying for something green. At this season of the year it should